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—BY—

HENRY F. DONOVAN.

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A DO-NOTHING CONGRESS.

All the Fifty-eighth Congress has done could have been done better, and infinitely cheaper, by a few clerks. The Congress has provided for the nation's housekeeping and attended to the accounts without gaining reputation either for system or economy, but of the larger business of the nation it has done absolutely nothing. Every effort to induce it to face the real problems, the solution of which is the highest duty of the national Legislature, has been rendered abortive by a majority that looked at every measure from the standpoint of partisan politics, with particular reference to the fact that this is a "presidential year." The fate of the bills and resolutions introduced by Representative William Randolph Hearst with a view to curbing the illegal trusts and correcting the laxity of the administration in enforcing the laws is an eloquent proof of the character of the Congress that has just adjourned.

The Hearst measures were of paramount public importance. In their essence they would make real the anti-trust laws that are already on the statute books, and would block the loopholes through which the monopolists and privilege grabbers now wriggle to safety. They created no new crimes, involved no hardships to legitimate combinations, but they did aim to make it possible to punish men who commit what are crimes under the law as it now stands. Toward every one of these bills the Congress adopted the same attitude.

The Fifty-eighth Congress, instead of adopting as its rule that whatever was best for the country should be enacted into law, determined that whatever in any way changed present conditions should be throttled, and they lived up to this program. The Fifty-eighth Congress' record of accomplishment rests on its having protected the trusts, granted Wood the military eminence that should not have been his, on having shielded the postoffice thieves, and on having spent more of the nation's money than any Congress since the United States became a nation.

GROVER CLEVELAND'S LECTURE.

Ex-President Cleveland in his recent lecture at Princeton reviewed the policy of his administration during the great railroad strike of 1894. His explanation contained a plain recital of facts which, while not new, have lost nothing in importance in the years that have passed.

They are now a part of history and are accepted not only as a complete justification of Mr. Cleveland's action in suppressing insurrection against Federal authority, but as describing a condition which made it his imperative duty to employ Federal troops for that purpose. The final word in the Chicago strike of 1894 was spoken by the Supreme Court of the United States, which sustained executive action in every particular.

There can certainly be no doubt that executive action and judicial decisions were in the interest both of good government and of the rights of the public, and if there was a great deal of popular clamor against them at the time such an outburst under similar circumstances would have much less influence upon opinion now than it had then. The developments of the decade have resulted finally in a reaction against the excesses of strikers, which is steadily strengthening the conservative element in the country.

MILES OF PAVING ORDERED.

The Board of Local Improvements on Tuesday commenced public hearings of the 240 so-called "Kilgallen" delayed cases of street-paving, embracing work on over 100 miles of streets, the installation of 14 sewer systems and of several water pipe systems, at a total cost of $6,000,000. The work progressed rapidly, the Board in the day disposing of improvements which will cost $1,569,413.50. The hearings will continue until all objections to the proposed improvements have been heard and a final decision of the Board entered in each case.

Parts of the following streets on the West and North Side were ordered paved without much objection: Kedzie av., Wilcox, Francisco av., West 12th, Colorado av., California av., 40th av., West Madison, Carroll av., Campbell av., Spaulding av., West Polk, St. Louis av., North Ashland av., Halsted, Fullerton av., Potomac av., Emma, North Central Park av., Homan av., 28th, Dearborn, St. John's ct., Grace, Pine, Orchard, Fremont, Washburn av., Paulina, North 48th av., North Spaulding av., West Addison, 106th, Vincennes rd., North 58th av., North Sacramento av., 38th, West 19th, West North av., Indiana av., Canalport av., North Sheldon, Waldo pl., Illinois, Lydia, Irving av., Bissell, Evanston av., Albany av., 45th av., Honore, Berkeley av., North Union, 49th, 48th av., 49th av., West Webster av.

DEATH OF THOMAS BRENAN.

Thomas Brenan, for more than a quarter of a century a member of the Board of Education, died Saturday last of pneumonia. The funeral services were held Tuesday morning at St. James' Roman Catholic Church, Archbishop Quigley, who preached the funeral service, said:

"Mr. Brenan was a just and natural man, and dominated in all his acts in life with natural motives. It is the just man that has the assurance of heaven. There are many lessons to be learned from this life we mourn today."

The schools were all closed for the day and were represented by a committee of Trustees, Superintendent Cooley, the district superintendents, and department heads. Burial was in Calvary Cemetery, of which Mr. Brenan long had been a trustee. The Teachers' Federation adopted resolutions of respect.

While not what one may call a conspicuous man, chiefly because he never sought to be, he has been one of the most conscientious, faithful and efficient men among those in charge of the educational interests of the city. The gentle bodily presence known so well in Chicago for more than half a century will be known to us no more, but the work he has done for the city which he saw grow from a small country town to the second city of a great nation will live while the city lives.

THAT BOULEVARD.

The South Park and the Lincoln Park Boards will probably have to go to the State Legislature in order to secure authorization for the part which they are to play in the Michigan avenue improvement scheme. The Board of Local Improvements is more fortunate. It can accomplish the condemnation of the necessary property on Michigan avenue by an appeal to the Council. This appeal should be made before the Council adjourns for its summer vacation. There is no time to lose. The traction question is coming on in the fall. So is the November election. So are many other things. The first blow for the lake front thoroughfare ought to be struck now.—Tribune.

EAGLETS.

A California expert offers to exterminate the gypsy moth in Massachusetts for $90,000, by importing parasites from Europe. And then how does he propose to exterminate the parasites?

Physicists have determined that positive electricity in the air is good for us, and negative electricity has a depressing effect. This is true only of mild doses. Both kinds are rather depressing if they come too suddenly and in large quantities.

An explorer who has devised a plan for reaching the south pole by the use of horseless carriage thinks he has improved on the old methods. Does he not know that horseless vehicles have always been common in the arctic regions? They use dogs there, or reindeer.

The scientists have discovered that the use of soft foods is ruinous to the teeth and if generally persisted in would result in a nation of toothless individuals. This rule, however, works but one way and does not apply to liquid foods. The path of safety lies in the direction of hard foods and soft drinks.

Dr. Newell Dwight Hillis tells his parishioners that they do not pay their housemaids wages enough for services rendered. This may be true, but the information would come with better authority from Mrs. Hillis. Not infrequently the man overappreciates the cook. The wife looks at her in a more practical light.

Not a big-selling novel in two years, say the publishers. The searchlight is applied in every direction for a possible hidden genius. The typewriters of the land creak and get wheezy with the rapid production of rapid literature. Litterateurs who erstwhile scrapped for existence in Grub street now employ high-priced architects to build them mansions in Easy street. Never was the apparatus for getting literary productions before the public so well developed. But the books—

A Swiss inventor has devised a new life-preserver. That in itself, considering Switzerland's expanse of seacoast, is amusing; but the character of the device is still funnier. It is simply a rubber suit, so weighted as to keep the wearer upright in the water, so inflated as to give buoyancy, and so provided with food and water, stored in pockets, as to make the happy wearer quite indifferent to his situation. With one of these suits a man would not need to patronize the seaside hotels.

It is hardly too much to say that Edward VII. has done more to assure the peace of Europe than all the other European statesmen put together. His action has had a vastly greater effect than that of the Czar with his Hague tribunal. Not since the Crimean war have England and France been so close together. The new treaty between those powers removes from the field many of the vexed questions between the two countries. In North America and Africa the relations between them have been so well defined as to make conflict impossible. Further, the influence of King Edward has been steadily exerted to promote friendly relations with France, and it is because of this preliminary work that the treaty became a possibility.

The poverty of rural clergymen is traditional in this country, but in earlier days the people among whom they worked were as poor as they. Everybody had land, and if the land was fertile the farmers' families had good and abundant food. The people in the parsonage did not eat poorer food or wear poorer clothes than the people of the congregation. The position of a rural clergyman was one of relative comfort as well as of dignity and honor. But for forty years at least the general level of expenditure has raised, while cash plays a larger part and barter and self-production a smaller one in the support of families even in the country. Yet in many cases the salaries of the country minister have not been raised, although the money of the minister of to-day will not go nearly so far as it would have done forty or fifty years ago.

A subscriber writes the editor to know if the latter "really believes that women are better than men." Sure! And the editor had supposed all right-thinking men would agree in that belief. True, there is a sort of philosophy which says when a woman sinks into the depths of crime she sinks lower than a man can sink. It is not true—only apparently. Woman falls from a loftier height, that is all. Go to the slums and find the lowest woman creature. You need not search long to find a man lower down. It is also true that the older school of fiction was forever teaching the doctrine that in every crime there was "a woman at the bottom of it." The newer school is beginning to see the truer doctrine—that woman is at the bottom of nearly all the good there is in the world. Woman is the better half. Fancy what society would be without her. Remove the might of her gentleness. Masculine force would clash with masculine force. The stone age would be restored. For this is true: Man has force. It is his chief virtue. Woman has tenderness. It is her chief virtue. The sexes thus supplement each other. Take either away and humanity is lost. Together they make man what he is. It is not good for man to live alone. Alone he is selfish, domineering, unjust. He needs the refining forces of woman's gentleness. All through the centuries woman has wrought upon him—and her job is only begun. The only reason why the hateful law of the survival of the fittest does not rule our civilization is—woman! Better than man? Think of your mother.

The Governor of New Jersey recently counted the bill-boards between Trenton and New York along the line of a single railroad, and found a total of more than sixteen hundred. He rightly considers each one a blot upon the landscape, and insists that homes which can be reached only by running such a gauntlet of ugliness lose distinctively in value. "Trees have died," says Charles M. Robinson in a recent issue of the Atlantic Monthly, "that their dead trunks might advertise a pill; romantic scenery has been forced to offer reminder of ache or appetite; the glory of the sunset silhouettes against the sky the title of a breakfast food; and the windows of the defenseless home look out on circus girls, corsets, and malt whisky." The crusade of the Governor of New Jersey against the rural bill-board, the present outcry in New York City against permitting posters to be displayed upon the fence round the uncompleted public library, and the propositions before many State Legislatures to regulate the size and location of bill-boards show that public attention is awaking to the abuses of public advertising. One great railway company plants quick-growing trees to hide the hoardings erected on adjacent lands; farmers have begun to regard the leasing of barns for advertisements as a sign of the poverty of their owners; the advertiser himself is learning that clever jingles, well-drawn pictures and harmoniously arranged colors are more impressive than mere bigness of letter, blaze of color or multiplicity of signs.

When in doubt consult your mother. That advice applies to children generally, but it applies especially to girls. Your mother, young woman, has had the advantage of experience which you lack. She knows the ways of the world, which you do not know. You see things from your point of view. It is necessarily a narrow point of view. Your mother knows. She has gone by the way you are coming. Happy that daughter who confides in her mother. Happy she who can go to her mother with her little secrets and misgivings, her girlish hopes and fears, and talk of these, freely assured that mother will understand and advise tenderly and sensibly and rightly. Happy that mother who has won and kept her daughter's confidence, who knows how important it is to listen sympathetically to her daughter's doings and plans. Happy the mother who has not driven her daughter away by speaking of the girlish notions as "silly" and "preposterous," or by scolding the girl's petty delinquencies. The bond between mother and daughter should never be broken. The bond of comaraderie between the two is a natural one. If it binds them together the daughter's problems become the mother's problems and the solution will be a wise one. A son is a son 'till he gets a wife; a daughter's a daughter all the days of her life—if the bond holds true. The old song says: "A boy's best friend is his mother." That's true. But a mother is in a peculiar sense the best friend of a daughter. And the girl who forgets this is likely to make a mistake in life. Always ask your mother.

Words are like men. They start well, but now and then they fall on evil ways, and are corrupted thereby out of all likeness to their former selves. Take "garble," for instance. It used to mean "to select for a purpose." There was once an officer called the garbler of spices, whose business it was to visit the shops and examine the spices, and order the destruction of all impure goods. His duties were similar to those of the modern health department inspector who forbids the sale of decayed vegetables or tainted meats. The word comes from a root meaning to sift. The impurities sifted out have in the course of generations corrupted the term till a "garbled report" is no longer a report from which all uncertainty has been removed, but one which is full of misrepresentation and made misleading with deliberate intent. The word "yellow" is passing through a similar transformation in our very sight. It describes the color of sunlight or of beaten gold, of the buttercup or of the dandelion. But not many years ago one of the sensational newspapers printed a series of colored pictures illustrating the adventures of a "kid"—that is what the child was called—wearing a long yellow garment. The yellow pictures appeared week after week, till men began to use the term "yellow journalism" when they desired to describe the journalism that was sensational, coarse and vulgar. Now we have yellow politics and yellow preaching, yellow base-ball and yellow warfare, and it has got so that when one is told that a woman wore a yellow gown to a party one does not know whether the color of the gown is meant or its extreme vulgarity. Never was there a better illustration of the truth of the saying that a word is known by the company it keeps.

President Roosevelt says the one and main lacking of the American boys is conservatism. By this he means, doubtless, that American boys are lacking in solid qualities, that they do not believe in the good old virtues, that they are prone to set their own pace, disregarding advice. The President is mistaken. The average American boy is your true conservative. Attack his mother's religion or the institutions of his country and you will find out. The average American boy has been well brought up. And he believes in certain things with all his heart. Mischievous? Yes. Restless? Yes. Loud sometimes? Yes. But you are mistaken if you conclude that under his boyish gaiety there are no well-settled convictions. He may be by conduct a radical, but in principle and belief he is a stayer. And even though he may depart for a time from the teaching of his family he will return to it. American boys are the finest in the world. They wake up to intellectual power the quickest. They are capable of greater enterprises at an earlier age; they bear heavier burdens on younger shoulders; they are the largest wage earners; they are the most independent-acting; and withal, they are made of the stuff of which the grandest and highest type of manhood comes. Because, while the American boy is apparently light-hearted and care-free he is not necessarily frivolous. There is a vein of true ore in him which a little mining will disclose. Sooner or later innate manhood will appear. At bottom he is all right. Give him good home training and a show for his life and he will make a man of himself. The youths of other lands may seem more solid and conservative. It is because they are more stolid in temperament. They are less jovial and prankish because they are slower in development. The American boy has initiative. He sees quickly. That puts him in the race before his cousin across the sea gets started. But he has staying qualities also and he wins in the long run because of those qualities. If the President's idea of conservatism in boys is that our restive youngsters should sit still and let moss grow on their backs then the American boys are not conservative.

During a discussion at the Chicago Woman's Club Professor Arnold Tompkins of the Chicago Normal School said: "A man should dress well—so should a woman—but not too well; he should comb, but not too well; he should write well, but not too well, and he should spell, but not too well. The press recently criticised high school pupils because they were poor spellers. It was the highest compliment ever paid to them, because it proved they were in better business." Another speaker indorsed this notion by declaring that there were more important things in education than good spelling, and that the time was coming when the poor speller would no longer be considered illiterate. From these assertions and others like them which proceed from the mouths of school teachers we may infer that a contempt for spelling is being rather assiduously cultivated by a considerable number of our modern educators, and the question arises whether they are not inviting contempt for themselves. It is to be noted, moreover, that they can put forward no superior claims to authority in the matter, because the test of the value of spelling is not confined to the classroom. It is being applied every day in business and in the professions. The high school boy who is assured by Professor Tompkins that the censure of his errors in spelling is in fact a compliment may find that the more he justifies such compliments the more difficult it will be for him to secure the favorable attention of those upon whom he depends for employment. That is a phase of the subject that is of very great practical importance, and that admits, we should say, of little difference of opinion among persons of experience in the world's work. It is a fair conclusion also that where slovenliness is encouraged in one branch of study its influence is likely to be felt in others, and if there are occasionally instances from which it appears that poor spelling and broad general culture are not incompatible they are to be taken as curious exceptions. Furthermore, when we are informed that there are more important things in education than good spelling we are entitled to a bill of particulars; also to proof that inaccuracy in spelling instead of being the sign of general slovenliness is evidence of devotion to the more important things. Upon the whole, it would seem that the high school boy is getting slops when he needs discipline, and if a professor may defy the rules with impunity the boy enjoys no such privilege. In this connection a story that is told of Dr. Parr, an eminent English scholar and educator, is pertinent. When a gentleman defended his pronunciation of Alexandria with the accent upon the "i" by an appeal to the authority of Richard Bentley, Parr came down upon him with the comment that he (Parr) and Bentley might pronounce the word that way, but that the gentleman had better stick to the ordinary usage. So Dr. Tompkins may spell as he pleases, but he ought to refrain from making a laughing stock of his pupils.

Many an owner of a small farm, never fertile and now well exhausted, earns a bad living from it, following the ways of his father. He uses fertilizers; he has approved farm tools; he is industrious and thrifty. But he needs proof that he can do better than he is doing, and he needs also to have the better way illustrated. The "most-talked-of farmer in America" to-day is a man who, twenty years ago, inherited fifteen acres of worn-out land near Philadelphia, and began the problem of redeeming it. The land was then so poor that it would not support one horse and two cows. The owner of the farm had to buy fodder to get them through the first winter. Dairy-farms usually occupy a large area; many cattlemen in the West believe that they must have three or four acres to a cow. The farm near Philadelphia is a dairy-farm, yet the fifteen acres furnish the entire support, summer and winter, for two horses and more than thirty cows. All the animals are of well-bred stock and well-kept. The milk is of the richest and brings the highest price. The point is that no other grazing-land in the United States is so profitable as this little farm. So remarkable is the result that the Department of Agriculture is planning to devote an entire bulletin to it. An expert of the department estimates that a full account of this farmer's methods would be worth forty million dollars to the dairy interests of the country. It used to be believed that "science" was something for the few, not for the many; an altitude of knowledge where the atmosphere was rarefied and the interest remote. The owner of that one small farm would have done folly to emfweyptaoiemfw have done a public service if he had merely shown the folly of the old idea. He has demonstrated that science is what the books say it is—knowledge, systematically arranged: a tool mightier than ax or plow or harrow, and as ready to the hand of the farmer as to the hand of the mathematician.

Verestchagin, the Russian painter who has devoted his life to depicting the horrors of war, with the intention of abolishing the cruel curse of the ages, was on board the Russian battleship Petropavlovsk. He died in carrying out the cause to which his art was dedicated—the securing of peace to the world. He was only in the military camps and upon the murderous engines of sea battle to study realities so as to present to the world the scenes inseparable from war. It was his hope that, when the nations saw what they were fostering in the military spirit, they would revolt from it and bring about a new reign of peace on earth, good will to men. The war canvases of Verestchagin have been forbidden the galleries of Russia and of Germany by more than one decree. They were feared for the effect they would have upon the masses.

CHARLES J. VOPICKA,

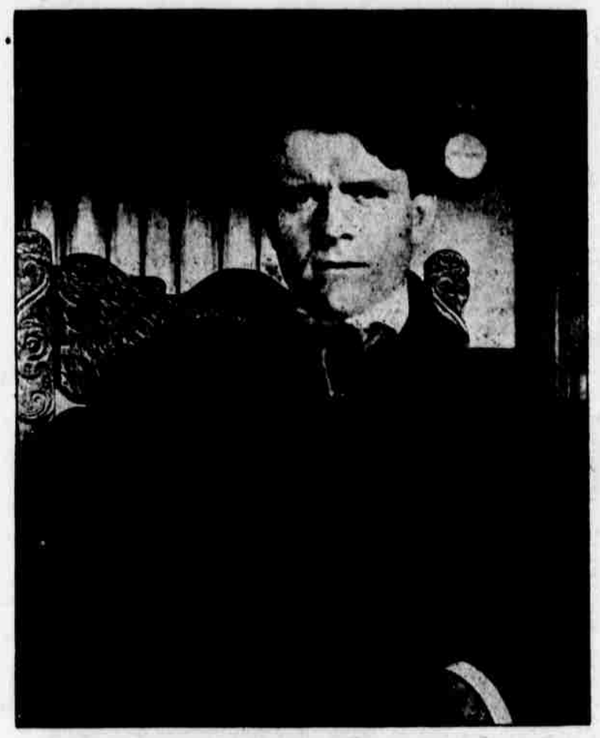
The Democratic Winner for Congress in the Fifth District.

The frequency of the remarks that Russia and Japan will get rich out of their war shows the long life of a popular misconception. Countries at war get poorer with startling rapidity. War does three things which make a nation look prosperous: It makes a scarcity of labor; it taxes the future for an indefinite period and spends the tax money at once in lavish sums; and it enables a handful of capitalists to reap vast fortunes out of the profuse expenditure of money. This true statement of the case cannot too early be mastered.

Missouri farmers are being worked by one of the meanest tricks now out on the pike. As this shrewd device for separating the honest teller from his coin is likely to work its way to other localities, the awful details are given here. Country papers please copy. In the first act of the tragedy a stranger appears on the road near the farmhouse, diligently searching for a lost diamond ring. As he does not find it he offers $100 reward for its recovery. He goes away without finding the ring and shortly afterward a tramp picks up a ring. The farmer who is to be the victim offers the tramp $25 for the ring, expecting to get the $100 reward. The tramp hesitates, but finally accepts it and leaves. When the farmer cannot find the stranger he grows suspicious and has a jeweler examine the ring. It is generally pronounced to be worth about 15 cents.

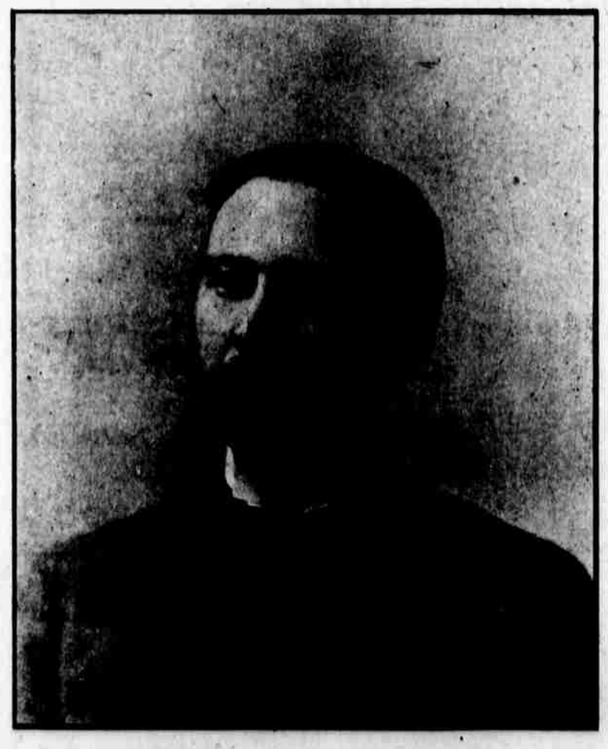
Public opinion has turned against lynching so steadily of late that the action of the Colorado sheriff who, single-handed, stood off a mob at the point of his pistol represents a popular new fashion in officers of the law. A few more such instances of determined official fidelity and courage will greatly help to cure the lynching habit.

Prof. Patten is out with a theory that every married woman should be a wage-earner. She is, professor, but has a hard time collecting her wages.



JAMES O'SHAUGHNESSEY,

William R. Hearst's Campaign Manager.



HON. JOHN RICHARDSON,

The Popular Magistrate.